TRULY EXASPERATING.

The Hyde Park Man Had a Right to Feel Vexed.

"By George!" said a Hyde Park man who was riding down town in an early train yesterday. "I detest people who are so blamed positive about everything."

"It is a disagreeable habit," the passenger who sat next to him admitted, "and it always pleases me to see such people confronted with proofs that they are in the wrong."

"Yes, it does me too. My wife's cousin has been visiting us for several days, and he's one of those know it all fellows. You can't tell him anything. Yesterday morning he was reading about this Dreyfus trial, and I gave him a pointer on how to pronounce a French word that was used. But do you suppose he was willing to admit that I knew more about it than he did?"

"I suppose not."

"No. He sat there, right at my own table and argued with me for 20 minutes trying to show that I didn't know what I was talking about. Such people make me weary."

"Why don't you get a French dictionary and prove to him that he was wrong?"

"Oh! I looked it up yesterday and found that I was mistaken myself, but what makes me mad is the fact that he was so blamed positive about it."—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Easy Order to Fill.

The matron of the Children's home in Wichita, Kan., has received a letter from a man who wants to adopt a child.

"Send one," he says, "that is lively and will laugh and cry and get into mischief. I am 58 years old, and I would give the world for a child that will laugh and get in my way and bother me. We'll give it a good home. I have raised five children, but they are all gone now, and I can tell you there is nothing so sweet as the bother of children."—New York Tribune.

The Family Authority.

Willie—Say, pa, is every word in the dictionary?

Pa—No, I guess not, my son. Every little while a new one comes into use.

Willie—What's the last word, then, pa?

Pa—I don't know. Go ask your mother.—Chicago News.

Taken Literally.

"Hannah," exclaimed the mistress, "what do you mean by putting all your money into mackintoshes, galoches and umbrellas?"

"Wasn't it yer own advice, mum, that I put away all I could fur a rainy day, mum?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Rival's Estimate.

She—But do you think he has ever done anything that will be remembered after he is gone?

He—That will depend altogether upon whether his various tailors die before he does or not.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Incredible.

"Franklin," said Jefferson as they sat sipping cool drinks in the Patriots' club over the river, "I see the Philadelphians have given you a statue."

"So soon as this?" queried the sage in surprise.—Philadelphia North American.

Has His Suspicions.

"When I kiss you, Edgar, you are not afraid I am going to ask for money, are you?"

"No, dear; but I'm afraid you've already cleaned me out while I was asleep."—Chicago Record.

More Than Likely.

Mrs. Figg—I ought to go to that club meeting this afternoon, but I can't get up enough energy to start.

Mr. Figg—Would it help you along if I were to tell you not to go?—Indianapolis Journal.

A Kind Hearted Girl.

He—So you give me the mitten?

She—Yes.

He—And this is all?

She—I might throw in a few moth balls.—Chicago Record.

Not All English.

Little Miss Waysupp—Is your butler English?

Little Miss Highupp—No, but his clothes is.—New York Weekly.

Dismal Joy.

"Do you enjoy Hauptmann's plays, Miss Dolly?"

"Yes, indeed; they are so cute and gloomy."—Chicago Record.

Thought He Understood.

"Hi, there!" called out the guest, who wanted to add something to his order.

The waiter, however, merely looked back, nodded and went on.

Fifteen minutes later he brought on the woodcock, done to a turn.

"Waiter," said the guest, "this is overripe!"

"Yes, sir. Didn't you holler at me you wanted it high?"

THE SPORTING WORLD.

The originators of our national game were gentlemen who played baseball for recreation only, says the Philadelphia Times, and would have held in low esteem any man who sought to transform it into a business means of gaining a livelihood. It was their intention as well as that of other generations of enthusiastic baseball players who followed them that baseball should be purely a gentleman's game. As clubs multiplied throughout the country it became necessary to establish some general organization having authority to control and regulate the interests of the sport, to make such changes in the playing rules as might from time to time seem necessary and in every possible way protect and improve our national sport. To meet this necessity there was formed the National Association of Baseball Players, in which any club was entitled to membership with the privilege of sending delegates to the annual meeting. The playing rules adopted by this organization were the standard ones for the game and were respected and adopted by all clubs, whether members of the association or not. Almost the first rule adopted by this national association was one most posttively debarring from membership and rendering liable to expulsion any club in which there was a man who played baseball for hire or emolument of any kind, the object being to make and keep the sport a gentleman's game. The result of this was that baseball flourished between the years 1866 and 1871 to an extent that has never been known before or since. The number of clubs was literally legion, and in every large city the number of matches that were played daily was almost incredible. The grounds were usually upon some vacant lot or common and were free to all, no admission fee being charged. As a consequence the crowds at these contests were very great, from 10,000 to 30,000 being by no means an unusual attendance.

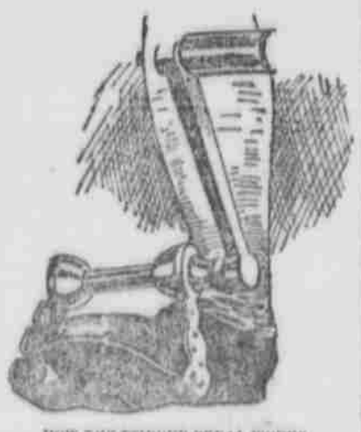
In the city of New York, for example, there were five different baseball grounds within a stone's throw of each other, and scarcely a day passed during the baseball season that there was not a match in progress upon each and every one of these grounds, and the same is true of other large cities. It is no exaggeration to say that 30 years ago 200 games were played for every one that is played now. Baseball is unquestionably in its decadence and has been ever since professional baseball players were first openly [illegible] and professional playing permitted. The sport received its death blow as a pure, healthful recreation and invigorating muscular exercise and welcome relief from the toils and cares of the daily avocations of men and boys of all classes when it ceased to be a gentleman's game.

The Bicycle a Cure All.

If the investigations of the medical fraternity continue, cycling bids fair to become a cure all beyond the wildest claims of the patent medicine quacks. Diabetes is the latest disease for which the bicycle is prescribed. German authorities have found that "even in severe cases of diabetes active muscular exercise, such as bicycling, may be utilized as a therapeutic factor of scarcely less importance than regulation of the diet. The former has the advantage of being more readily applicable, as a rule, than the latter, and for this reason it is worthy of serious consideration in cases in which it can be employed. Its influence should, however, always be first carefully tested both qualitatively and quantitatively."

Stirrup Pedal.

The Scientific American describes a new stirrup pedal for bicycles. The idea is plain enough. It is to enable the rider to exert greater power on the down stroke than would be possible if the ordinary form of pedal were employed and to obtain a better control



HOW THE STIRRUP PEDAL WORKS.

of the wheel when back pedalling. The stirrup is pivoted on the pedal pin of the crank by means of a sleeve swinging on ball bearings. Whatever may be the position of the crank, the stirrup will always hang vertically. The foot on the down stroke exerts force upon the bottom of the stirrup, and on the up stroke the foot will bear against the pedal sleeve. Power is therefore applied on both up and down strokes. It is claimed for the stirrup that it dispenses with the necessity of toe clips, that high knee action is overcome and that in back pedaling the rider is enabled to stop his wheel much more quickly than would otherwise be possible.

Nursed Them With Sponges.

Those who believe that feeding bottles for babies are the result of modern civilization are out of date. The Greek nurses used to carry them with a sponge full of honey in a small pot to stop the children from crying, and in the British museum are two Greek vases dating from 700 B. C. which are much like feeding bottles used by the Romans subsequently.

MEDIÆVAL MAGIC.

The Antiquated House of Count Cagliostro in Paris to Be Torn Down—Headquarters of Necromancy in the Eighteenth Century. Strange Career of the King of Impostors.

CAGLIOSTRO PERFORMING HIS FAVORITE TRICK.

use of all his learning. He was such an apt student of chemistry that he was sent to a monastery near Palermo to pursue the study under the direction of learned priests. It was an age of ignorance and superstition, and the agile mind of Balsamo detected great possibilities in performing tricks based on this science. He was naturally a trickster, and so, after completing his course of study, he started out on a career of deception. He began by forging theater tickets and then a will. He robbed a goldsmith named Marano of a sum of money. Balsamo pretended that a secret treasure lay buried in a certain rocky cavern just outside the city of Palermo and that he, for a consideration, of course, was able to unearth the gold by means of certain magical incantations. The goldbeater was a simple man and like a gudgeon swallowed the bait, hook and all. He paid the required fee and, accompanied by the amateur sorcerer, paid a visit on a certain dark night to the lonely spot where the treasure was supposed to be.

The necromancer drew a magic circle of phosphorus on the ground, pronounced some cabalistic words and bade the goldsmith to dig. Marano went to work with pick and spade. Suddenly terrific yells were heard, and a troop of devils (Joseph's boon companions in disguise) rushed from behind the rocks and pounced upon the hapless goldsmith. They pummeled him with their fists and prodded him with pitchforks and left him insensible among the rocks. For this act Balsamo was forced to flee from Palermo to escape the vengeance of the furious goldsmith and punishment at the hands of the authorities. He was not loath to leave the city, for he had the heart of a rover.

In company with a Greek named Althotas he visited Greece, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, Rhodes, Malta, Naples, Venice and Rome. According to his own account, he studied alchemy at Malta in the laboratory of Pinto, grand master of the Knights of Malta and St. John. During the course of his wanderings he became more and more versed in natural magic, and his talents in that line were so great that he soon won a reputation as a master of miracles. He perfected his dexterity and became proficient in tricks involving the use of sleight of hand. He also learned the art of forging documents and seals and practiced with zeal the profession of the idea of "mine and thine."

In Rome he met a beautiful girl, Lorenza Feliciani, daughter of a girdle maker, and as she was dexterous in the practice of sly arts and promised to be a good assistant to him and helpmate they were married. She was, in fact, more original and inventive than himself, and they traveled over Europe in a coach with a retinue of servants in gorgeous liveries. He played the part of a magician, prophet and exorcist so well that his fame spread over Europe, and people of the better class, scholars and writers, met him with great deference. The ladies wore fans, hats and souvenirs a la Cagliostro. His wife's picture and his own were worn in lockets. Marble busts of the couple were to be seen in the parks and palaces, and under the picture of the charlatan were inscribed the words, "The Divine Cagliostro."

One of his famous arts was the preparation of a rejuvenating tincture by whose use old and wrinkled ladies might obtain a smooth skin and the various charms of youth. "At Strasburg," says one of his biographers, "he reaped an abundant harvest by professing the art of making old people young." Cagliostro himself pretended to be of great age and declared that he had hobnobbed with Alexander and Julius Caesar, that he was present at the burning of Rome under Nero, and was an eyewitness of the crucifixion of Christ. As the founder of a certain mysterious lodge Cagliostro gained many adherents. He led his brotherhood back to Enoch and Elias and promised the members that they should be born again, morally and physically, and in that way they could live 5,000 years.

Count Cagliostro was at the perihelion of his fame when he first appeared in Paris, in the summer of 1781. His record had preceded him, and all Paris was on the qui vive. Cardinal de Rohan of France, who was a firm believer in the pretensions of the charlatan, entertained him in Paris, introducing him to that gay world of the old regime which went out forever in the French revolution. He captured Paris as easily as he had other capitals on the continent, and he literally coined money.

When Cagliostro came to France, he found the ground prepared for his magical operations. A society eager for distractions and emotions, indulged to every form of extravagance, necessarily welcomed such a man and hailed him as its guide. "Whence did he come? What was his country, his age, his origin? Where did he get those extraordinary diamonds which adorned his dress, the gold which he squandered so freely?" It was all a mystery. So far as was known Cagliostro had no resources, no letter of credit, and yet he lived in luxury. He treated and cured the poor without pay, and, not satisfied with restoring them to health, he made them large presents of money. The Germans, who lived on legends, imagined that he was the Wandering Jew. Speaking a strange gibberish, which was neither French nor Italian, with which he mingled a jargon which he did not translate, but called Arabic, he used to recite with solemn emphasis the most absurd fables, and he found the people ready to listen and believe him.

The count dressed in a manner that befitted his calling. According to the most authentic records, he was rather a badly built man, clad in poorly cut blue taffeta, laced on the borders. He wore his hair in a startling and most ridiculous style, with powdered plaits bunched in cadenettes. His silk stockings were embroidered in gold, and the buckles of his velvet shoes sparkled with precious stones. The display of diamonds on his fingers and watch chains went beyond the line of vulgarity. His headdress was a pointed hat ornamented with white plumes. During eight months of the year he wore a great blue fox cloak. On the street he was a walking scarecrow, and the children fled from him in terror. His features were regular, his complexion clear, his teeth superb, and his eyes were of marvelous brilliancy. His wife was a woman of bewildering beauty, realizing the Greek lines in all their antique purity and enhanced by an Italian expression.

It was the Cardinal de Rohan himself who installed Cagliostro and his wife in the home of Mme. d'Orvilliers, and which is now to be torn down. He [illegible] visit the sorcerer almost every day, [illegible] at dinner time and remaining until late in the night. It was said that the great cardinal assisted Cagliostro in his labors, and the people of that time spoke of the mysterious laboratory where gold bubbled and diamonds sparkled in crucibles brought to a white heat.

The queen of France had a strange antipathy toward the charlatan, and it was forbidden to mention his name in her presence or at court. The wife of the Comte de la Motte, an adventuress of the first rank, boasted of her ability to conquer the queen's dislike. She first made the acquaintance of Lorenza and afterward that of Cagliostro, who introduced her to the cardinal. Then followed the well known intrigue of the diamond necklace. Here is the count's own statement of the affair:

"On the 22d of August a commissaire and eight policemen entered my house. The pillage began in my presence. They compelled me to open my secretary. Elixirs, balms and precious liquors all became the prey of the officers who came

SUDDENLY TERRIFIC YELLS WERE HEARD.

to arrest me. I begged the commissaire to permit me to use my carriage. He refused. The agent took me by the collar. He had pistols, the stocks of which appeared from the pockets of his coat. They hustled me into the street and scandalously dragged me along the boulevard to the Rue Notre Dame de Nazareth. There a carriage approached, which I was permitted to enter to take me to the Bastille."

While in the Bastille Cagliostro made the remarkable prediction that one day the Bastille would be razed to the ground. How well that prophecy was realized history relates.

The antiquated house of Count Cagliostro in Paris is to be torn down. It was the headquarters of necromancy in the eighteenth century. Cagliostro is perhaps better known as Balsamo, the principal character in several of Dumas' famous novels. In fiction the Italian adventurer is given credit for many good qualities that historians seem to have been unable to find. The affair of Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace is even justified on political grounds. There is good ground to believe that Cagliostro was the first man to make use of mesmerism for fraudulent purposes.

Balsamo was born of a merchant family in Palermo, Sicily, in 1743. He received the rudiments of an education, and being naturally bright he made good

RACE UP A MOUNTAIN

A KANAKA RUNNER DISTANCED HALF A DOZEN HORSES.

It Was a Terrific Test of Endurance, and the Sturdy Subject of Kalakaua Won Easily, Though Two of the Horses Dropped Dead.

"Did any of you ever hear of a 35 mile steeplechase for man and beast?" inquired one of the California men in a party of turf followers when stories of queer bets and long shots were going around. "Well, there was an affair of that kind down in the Hawaiian bunch in the fall of 1883, when that genial chile concarne proposition, Kalakaua, was king of the islands. There were no telephones joining the islands then, and state messages and manifestos were carried by the interisland steamers and delivered by Kanaka runners. These runners could gallop all day, like American Indians in retreat or on the trail, and they didn't know what getting winded or tired meant.

"Kalakaua thought a good deal of these runners of his. He always maintained that they could go faster and farther than horses over the rough Hawaiian country. In this he was disputed by a number of the white attaches of his court. Kalakaua wagered $5,000 in gobs of $1,000 with five of them that he would pick out a runner from among his Kanakas who'd get from Hilo to the top of the burning lake of Kilauea, a distance of 35 miles, quicker than any horse and any rider could do the trip. They snapped the king up at even money. It looked as if they had the good end of it. The king and a big party from Honolulu sailed in one of the interisland steamers to Hilo, on the main island of Hawaii, to see the finish.

"The king picked out a huge, lithe, sinewy Kanaka, a man about 30 years old, who had been employed as a runner on the island of Maui for a number of years, to try the trick for him. Eight Kanakas made the start a-horseback on native ponies, bred away back from western cayuses—strong, sure footed, nippy tempered little fellows thoroughly used to the bad roads and the climbing. The king and his party had gone up to the Volcano House, at the top of Kilauea, to coach the day before to be on hand to greet the winner.

"Now, I understand that that road from Hilo up to the burning lake of Kilauea has been improved since the time I'm speaking of, but it surely was a bad trail then. It was only wide enough for one wagon, and it was about a 45 degree affair in the climb all the way up. The palms that lined the road used to get blown across the trail by the score in big whalestorms, and the coach drivers counted it a part of their business to jump from their seats every time they came to these obstructions and shoulder them out of the way. This work had all been attended to carefully, however, in advance of the race by order of Kalakaua, and it looked like a pipe for the cayuses, all of which had made the run up many a time.

"Kalakaua didn't ask for any handicap allowance for his man. The runner toed the scratch with the horses, and they got off together at the crack of the gun. The horses distanced the runner from the jump, and he let them distance him. He was dressed in a G string, and he just took up a steady lope and let the cayuses get out of his sight. For ten miles the cayuses were so far above him on the trail that he couldn't even see them, but this Kanaka knew how to wait. The horses began to come back to the runner long before the Half Way House was reached, and the Kanaka was just galloping along at the beginning of the third hour with the same big stride he had started in with, his arms up and sweeping out in front of him like soldiers on the double time drill. There wasn't a pant in him when he fetched up at the Half Way House. He stooped down there to a spring beside the road and took a couple mouthfuls of water. The cayuses were up ahead a bit, blowing their heads off, for they had been going at a clip that they had never been pushed to before.

"The Kanaka headed the bunch a mile beyond the Half Way House, and it was a big romp for him the rest of the distance. He took a position for the remaining 17 miles of the journey about a city block ahead of the writhing and panting horses, and he just stuck to his lope like a man wound up. He never let 'em get nearer than a block to him for the remaining three hours of the trip, looking back at them with a grin once in awhile. When only three miles yet remained before the Volcano House was to be reached, the Kanaka took another drink out of a spring and began to draw away. The Kanaka riders whipped and spurred their horses, but it was no good. The Kanaka runner disappeared out of their sight on the tortuous trail, and when six of the cayuses pulled up at the hotel veranda about three-quarters of an hour later the runner was sitting on the steps, fanning himself and drinking saki. Two of the horses had dropped dead in their final effort.

"The Kanaka made the 35 mile trip over sticks and stones on a miry road in 6 hours and 40 minutes, and he looked fit to run for his life when he got through. When I was reading about the young fellows who did the long distance running in these Olympian games in Greece some years ago, it struck me that any one of Dave Kalakaua's runners could have made the whole bunch look like aluminium dollars."—Washington Post.

When you are particularly busy is the hour to expect a call from the man who uses ten words where one would do.—Atchison Globe.

WHIM-WHAMS.

Some Spasms of Salient Spice From the Yonkers Statesman.

He said he'd win her "in a walk."
We felt quite sure he'd fail.
He took her in his pretty yacht
And won her in a sail.

Booker—Is your friend a good critic?

Penman—Oh, yes. He don't mind being sworn at a bit.

Bill—Does your gas meter run all right?

Jill—Run? It fairly gallops!

She—What has your wife got on her bonnet?

He—I think she's got $6 on it yet.

Patrice—Charley lost his head in the interview, I hear.

Patience—Well, he didn't lose much.

She—Didn't you feel like clapping your hands while she was singing?

He—Yes—clapping my hands over my ears.

Bill—I want something that will stick to my ribs.

Jill—Why not try some of that liquid glue?

The Delinquent Boarder—This piece of chicken you've given me is just like rubber.

The Lady He Owes—Well, it's the neck, isn't it?

She—Do you see anything ridiculous about that hat?

He—No, dear; but I haven't seen the bill yet.

"I never saw a thermometer go up and down so fast as that one I bought yesterday," said the manager of the dry goods store.

"Where did you put it?" asked the innocent one.

"In the elevator."

Alack! Alas!

It had come at last.

For weeks and weeks he had dreaded the coming of the fatal day, but it had arrived just the same.

"Life is dear to me," she said, "and it would be hard to give it up. But"—

And again she gazed at the reflection of her fair face in the mirror, and more especially at the three gray hairs she had just discovered.

—"my time has come. I must dye."—Chicago News.

Finesse.

She did not poison her husband, although he was 73 years old, while she was but 18. She was far too clever for that. Instead she kissed his brow and asked him would he not, for her sake, try to live to be 100. Of course he could not refuse. The effort to live to be 100 was at his advanced age necessarily fatal, and the young wife came at once into all his property.—Detroit Journal.

Would Make Him Useful.

"Orpheus," said the student, "was a man whose music possessed such power that it moved anything in nature to immediate obedience."

"Well," answered the gloomy friend, "I wish he were here this minute. I'd get him to sing 'Hard Times, Come Again No More.'"—Washington Star.

Explained.

Housekeeper—What's the reason that all the men who come around begging now are such big, strong looking fellows?

Polite Pilgrim—De reason, lady, is dat it's on'y strong looking fellows w'at kin beg nowadays widout gettin hurt.—Philadelphia Record.

A Feminine Inference.

"It always exasperates me to meet Josephine Jenkins, whom you used to be sweet on."

"Why, my dear?"

"She always looks at you as if she could have married you if she had wanted to."—Chicago Record.

Unequal.

"Was it a fair fight?" asked the French duelist's friend.

"No," was the answer. "I was foolish to be drawn in it. My opponent is in a business that needs advertising, while I am not."—Washington Star.

Wild Guess.

Instructor—What is the difference between positive and negative electricity?

Student—It is positive when it is turned on and negative when it is turned off.—Indianapolis Journal.

Somewhat Personal.

"Why was Mr. Sweet offended when they asked him to impersonate the sand man in that tableau?"

"He seemed to take it as a personal slur. You see, he's a sugar merchant."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

It Depends.

"So your uncle was 83 years old when he died? Did he have the full possession of his faculties to the last?"

"As to that—well, as to that we can't tell yet. The will hasn't been read yet!"—Unsere Gesellschaft.

He Knew.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, what does the month of June call for in great plenty?

Tommy (a jeweler's son)—Weddin presents, mum.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Then the Robber Ran.

Footpad—Money or your life!

Book Agent—Sorry I haven't a copy of my life, sir, but let me show you the "Life of George Washington" in full morocco.—Chicago News.

A Neighborhood Gain.

"That girl next door lost her pet dog. I feel sorry for her."

"Well, I can't feel any real grief. She hasn't touched her piano since the dog died."—Chicago Record.